

SEEING LIFE WITH JOHN HENRY

By Geo. V. Hobart

HENRY ON HOME DINNERS

Have you ever get ready to move into a new apartment? Take it from an occupation that burning of Rome in election-night bonfire to talk harshly one day when I recovered three fingers, dis- by the unexpected folding door which usly refused to fold. here we are in the nest" that Peaches about so canaryishly weeks before we final- into this tenement

we are in "the nest" different tune, poor she finds it mighty a high C of joy has to put in eight- a day waiting for waiter to be fixed, and ter to be turned on, job introduced to the door, and all the and and one pre- mises, so earnestly o eagerly unkept.

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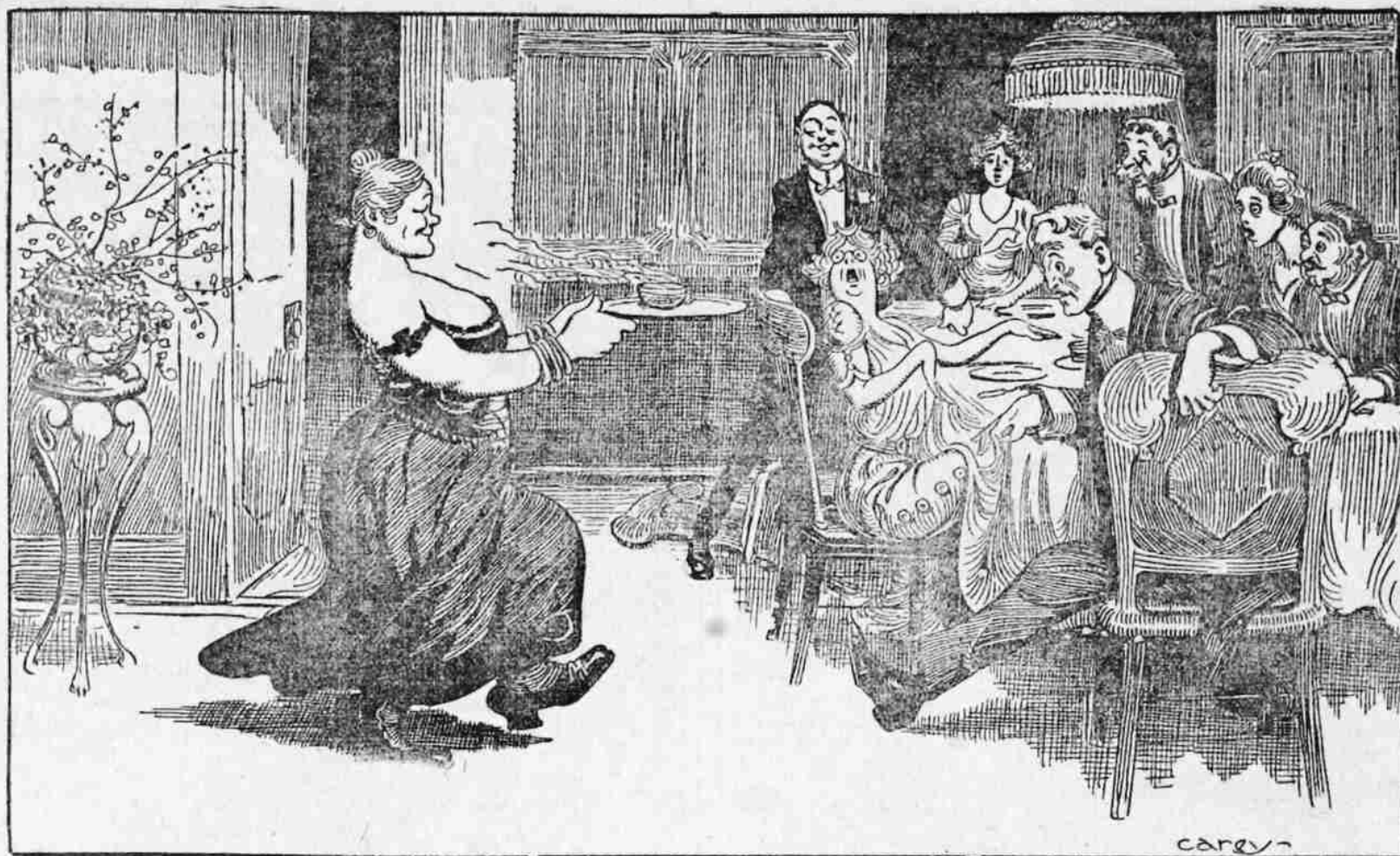


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Helga floated into the room clad in a low-neck gown.

Now we come to the plot of the piece.

Peaches invited a few friends to a house-warming dinner and an hour after they had vociferously accepted our cook got mad because she found out the Persian rug on her boudoir floor was made in New Jersey, and quit—left us flat with a bunch of friends on our hands who had already gone in training for a long heavy feed, catch-as-catch-can, strangle-hold barred, but go to the mat with everything from clams to the printer's name.

For twenty-four hours Peaches spent her time hurrying between the intelligence offices and the depths of despair, and that dinner party began to look like cold turkey.

And the next day, just as I was about to send out the S. O. S. signals, a tramp cook arrived with the milkman, prepared to pour oil on our troubled kitchen stove.

The name of the new cook was Helga. She was half Swede and half deaf.

Peaches asked her for her recommendations, and Helga said that her only recommendation was her face but that she tripped the night before and broke it just above the chin.

Peaches engaged her—what else could she do with kind and loving friends eager to exercise our silverware and gurgling their hunger at our outer walls?

Helga was shown to her room. She kicked a little because there wasn't a southern exposure but subsided when Peaches promised her a bunch of fresh cut flowers every morning. Then the procession started for the kitchen, halting for a moment in the butler's pantry so that Helga could inform herself as to whether we voted the Prohibition or Progressive ticket.

Helga discovered four bottles of beer coily reposing on the ice in the refrigerator, whereupon her face became lighted up with the joys of anticipation

and she rushed out and embraced the gas stove.

When, later on, Peaches joined me in the front room she looked woe-begone and frightened. "It's an awful risk," she sighed; "I feel that the friendship of years may be interrupted because we have a new and uncertain cook in the kitchen—do you get me, John?"

"Sure!" I said; "but what are we going to do about it, kid? It's too late to cancel our bookings now. These friends of ours have been saving up their hunger for three days. We can't send them a buttered biscuit on a postal card and pass them up. Let's go through with it and hope for the best—maybe Helga is a good cook."

"I'm afraid not, John," Peaches moaned. "She picked up a bowl of radishes just now and said she thought strawberries were out of season. When I asked her if she knew how to cook chicken-a-la-king she wanted to know which king—Denmark or Germany!"

During the rest of the day Peaches worried so much about the new cook that she almost had an attack of nervous post-ponement. She walked around the apartment with her fingers crossed, murmuring little prayers to herself and making wishes that Helga's idea of potato salad wouldn't turn out to be imitation chop suey.

Our guests arrived promptly and we could see from their eager faces that they'd fight that dinner to a finish.

Under ordinary conditions the arrival of friends with hearty appetites is a compliment to be cherished, but with a visitation like Helga in the kitchen, likely at any moment to kick over the can containing the milk of human kindness, I felt like eight cents worth of God-help-us.

The ladies in the party began to chat pleasantly while they sized up our furniture out of the corners of their eyes, and the men glanced carelessly around

to see if I had a box of cigars which could be attended to after dinner.

At least I imagined that's what they were doing—having qualified as a bum sport from the moment Helga began to rehearse a dishrag.

Presently dinner was an-

clamored for the Victoria Cross.

Peaches had told Helga to stuff the turkey with chestnuts, but Helga was firm in her belief that a chestnut is an old wheeze, so she stuffed the turkey with peanut brittle.

Helga had noticed several other things around the kitchen



Helga said that her only recommendation was her face.

nounced and the entire cast jumped to their feet as though they'd stepped on a third rail.

The first round was oyster cocktails and everybody drew cards.

This was Helga's maiden effort at oyster cocktails and she had original ideas about the cocktail, consisting chiefly of salad oil and tabasco.

The salad oil came from Italy, consequently the oysters were extremely foreign to the taste.

After exploring her cocktail glass with a fork Mrs. Fitzenstaatz politely inquired if we raised our own oysters, but just then a gill of tabasco struck Mr. Fitzenstaatz between the thorax and the epiglottis and he spent the rest of the evening screaming for the fire department.

The next round was mock turtle soup, but nobody under the wide canopy of Heaven can ever guess where Helga found the mock.

Sometimes I think I may have surprised her secret because later on when I looked for my rubber boots one of them was missing.

Then we had fish—blue fish. It had arrived in the kitchen just a simple, plain, kind-hearted fish with the blues, but after watching Helga's work it had developed acute melancholia.

Then came the roast turkey, and right here was where Helga stepped to the footlights and

which appeared to be bored and lonely, so she stuffed them in the turkey—one of which was the corkscrew.

When I started to carve the turkey the first thing I struck was a horseshoe which Helga had put in for luck.

It made Peaches extremely nervous to see the can-opener, a pair of scissors and seven clothespins come out of the interior of that turkey, but when Mrs. Fitzenstaatz said that their latest cook had tried to stuff their last turkey with the garden hose friend wife felt better.

The next round was some salad which Helga had dressed in the kitchen, but the dress was such a bad fit that nobody would speak of it.

Then we had some home-made ice cream for dessert.

The ice was very good, but Helga forgot to add the cream.

Consequently it tasted rather insipid.

Then came the last round—and the knockout.

Helga had been told to serve the coffee, "demi tasse." When the cue came, Helga floated in the room clad in a low-neck gown such as the merry-merries wear in the Bal Tabarin scene in the second act just before the police break in.

Then she splashed down in front of all assembled a cup of brown cough mixture and floated out again, while Peaches

turned red, white and blue and I had all I could do to keep from becoming a murderer.

It afterwards transpired that in the shredded wheat which Helga was using as a brain the words "demi tasse" and "decollete" had become mixed, and, having taken the low-neck as a souvenir of a former employer, she had decided "demi tasse" meant "Enter from kitchen, smilingly, with anatomical display; place coffee on table, center, and exit, showing verte-brae."

However, the housewarming dinner came to a finish without any casualties and the guests went home, hungry but unpoisoned.

The next morning Peaches gave Helga Helga and she left us abruptly, followed by the prayers of all present, including the gas stove.

The only thing about the house that loved Helga was a diamond brooch belonging to Peaches and it followed Helga out into the land of adventure.

We've made up our minds, friend wife and I have, that we'll give no more dinners till we get a cook who knows the difference between breaded lamb chops and the coal scuttle.

Even the friendship of a lifetime isn't proof against a brass key-ring in the stomach, which lies there, tossing restlessly for weeks and weeks, sometimes.

P. S.—Helga's contract called for \$35.00 per month, Sundays and Thursday evening out, and nix on the wash.

Have you a little fairy in your home?

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The Doctor's Advice

by Dr. Lewis Baker

The questions answered below are general in character; the symptoms or diseases are given and the answers should apply to any case of similar nature. Those wishing further advice, free, may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Building, College-Edwood streets, Dayton, O., enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Full name and address must be given, but only initials or fictitious name will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be had at any well-stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler.

Iodide of potassium, 2 drams; wine of colchicum, one-half ounce; sodium salicylate, 4 drams.

"Morris" asks: "I have suffered with a chronic cough for almost a year, and catch a fresh cold every few weeks. Nothing the doctor gives me helps, so I write to you."

Answer: You need a thorough laxative such as a cathartic, one that not only relieves but surely drives the system. The following regularly used will cost any curable cough or cold promptly. Obtain a 2½ oz. bottle of essence mentha-lavene, mix it with a home-made sugar syrup or honey as per directions on bottle.

"Anxious B." writes: "I have in recent years been threatened with appendicitis, but would never consent to an operation. Indigestion, constipation and sedentary habits cause me much suffering. Kindly prescribe for dyspepsia something which you think will cure me and prevent appendicitis."

Answer: The most scientific and satisfying treatment for your trouble is tablets triopentine, packed pink, white and blue in sealed cartons, with full directions. Most stomach disorders can be conquered by regular treatment.

"Nervous M." writes: "Loss of sleep, nervousness, loss of appetite and overwork has made almost a complete wreck of me. I have to work, but can scarcely drag one foot after the other. Please advise."

Answer: The condition you describe is prevalent, especially with brain workers. Use the following: Compound syrup hypophosphites, 5 ozs.; tincture cadomene, 1 oz. Mix, shake well and take a teaspoonful before meals.

Farmer's Wife asks: "Will you please tell me how to overcome obesity?"

Answer: Obesity is burdensome. Excessive fat on the human body is unnatural and frequently results seriously. The best and safest method to reduce is to take regularly five-grain arbolone tablets. They are put up in sealed tubes with directions for home use, and any well-stocked druggist can supply them.

"Sara C." writes: "I am constipated and have a greasy skin. Suffer from headache, indigestion and some kidney trouble. I wish you to recommend a remedy."

Answer: The best remedy to relieve and master chronic constipation is called three-grain sulphur tablets, made from sulphur, cream of tartar and herb medicines. Taken regularly the blood is purified, the bowels and liver stimulated into healthy action and health established. They are packed in sealed tubes with full directions. These tablets are splendid for children, as they do not gripe or sicken.

"Mamma" writes: "I know of nothing better for bed-wetting than: 1 dram of tincture cubeba, 2 drams of tincture rhubarb aromatic and 1 oz. comp. fluid balmwort. Mix. The dose is 10 to 15 drops in water one hour before meals."

(Advertisement.)

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